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3.



TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

SPIRIT OF CHARLES DICKENS.—I died too soon. Oh, if I only could have lived to put this holy man in a book!



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 24th, 1891. — No. 746.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE AMERICAN WORLD'S FAIR, which intelligent Europeans ought to see, stretches from Maine to Mendocino and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It affords a large and interesting object-lesson. It has, unfortunately, but few students among the class of Europeans who could best enjoy it and profit by it, and those few are rarely apt or willing pupils. Once in a long while — a very long while — once in a hundred years, say, comes a Professor Bryce. The foreigner who makes it his business to tell his fellow-countrymen what America is like is too often a shallow snob like Sir Lepel Griffin or a wild ass of a bright boy, carried away by the desire to show off, like our poor young friend Rudyard Kipling.

When a Bryce comes, he gets something out of his trip, for himself and for others. The Griffins and Kiplings make at best a poor and too often a mischievous use of their time. They go back with a record of things half-seen and wholly uncomprehended, of hasty and narrow judgments, of careless and ignorant inferences, colored, in most cases, by that odd, unreasoning childish little sentiment of petty jealousy which seems to influence many old-world minds when they consider the people and things of the New World.

The Germans and the Russians know something of the United States. The other peoples of Europe know strangely little of their great Western partner in the world's business. The average Frenchman looks upon the United States as a Grande République, notable chiefly for its unlimited supply of friendly, agreeable and very wealthy people, who delight in making large, but somewhat indiscriminate purchases of French products — pictures and ladies' dresses being preferred. The average Englishman has a conception of America based on his early studies of some marvelous school histories and geographies, a number of startling sportsmen's tales, and a great deal of silly third or fourth hand gossip about American ways and manners.

It would do the intelligent Englishman and the intelligent Frenchman and the intelligent Spaniard and the intelligent Italian a deal of good to come over here and, in a friendly and reasonable spirit, to study a great and a strange land. It would do them all as much good as it does the intelligent American to travel in Europe. But conservative Europeans are not easy travelers like our own people. They travel only according to established fashion or custom, or on special occasions. It will be a great pity for them, and, to a less degree, for us, if they miss the chance offered by the World's Fair of 1893.

If they do miss it, it will be solely because they do not know the country that invites them to visit it. They know something of New York, as one of the great capitals of the world, constantly in communication with them — their one great point of connection with North America. Chicago is to them — that is, to the mass whose business connections have not taught them more — merely a name. It represents to their minds a great city; but they have no real sense of its positive greatness, having in mind only the fact of its comparative inferiority to New York. Of the real size and importance of Chicago they have far less knowledge than a decently educated Kansas farmer has of the character and position of Birmingham or Manchester or Lyons or Marseilles.

This is the truth that must be understood if the nations of Europe are to be stimulated into a really enthusiastic co-operation in the work of the World's Fair. They are all friendly enough — with the possible exception of Italy — all sufficiently well-disposed and ready to do whatever is civil and kindly toward the great power across the Atlantic. But it must be borne in on the minds of the good folk of Birmingham and Manchester and Lyons and Marseilles that although New York is the greatest of American cities, the United States has other great cities; that such a town as Chicago has much to teach them in the very things upon which they pride themselves, and that Chicago is but one development of a mighty civilization which they can have an unexampled opportunity of studying in 1893. If they can be made to understand these facts, they will be almost as enthusiastic about the Fair of 1893 as Chicago is herself.

A wail went up in the Spirit Land —
Such a wail as the spirits understand —
A wail to which a spirit gives birth
Who has n't done all he should have on earth:
A certain sort of a dismal wail
That suggests "I did n't mean to fail —
But oh! if it had or it had n't been
I'd have done as well as I always mean!"
And the spirits, hearing it, said: "Great Scott!
What was it the good Charles Dickens forgot?"

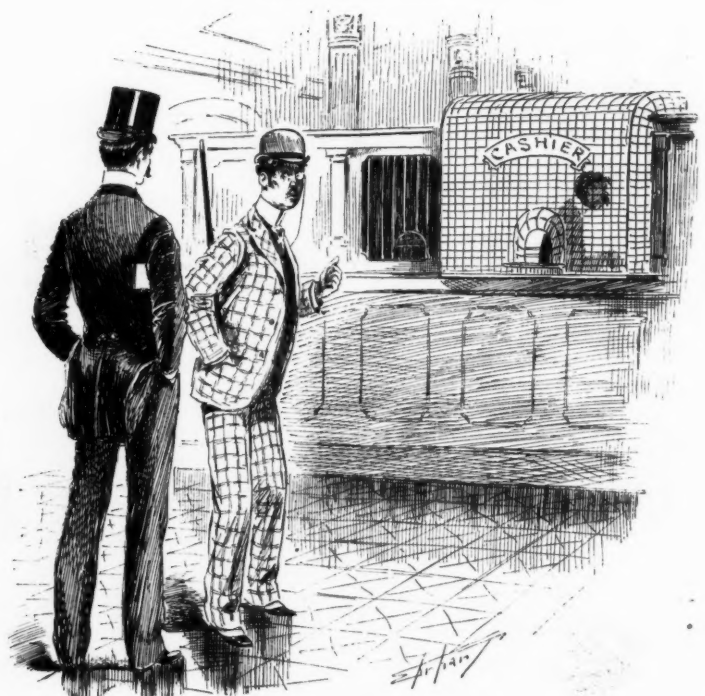
"I did n't forget," wailed Dickens's ghost;
"Of the stuff I had I made the most.
I tried my best and I did my best;
And you know that I did n't leave much for the rest.
But the trouble with me
Is this, you see,
My life had too short a mortal lease
To give me a chance at my master-piece.

"I don't believe —" the ghost went on,
"That in all the years that have come and gone,
Any writer on earth below
Ever could think of beginning to know
The depths of human hypocrisy
Within a mile and a half of me.
You all of you know that this is n't conceit —
Whose hypocrites can my hypocrites beat?"

And the other ghosts cried, in a hearty way,
(For they tell the truth up there, every day,
"Nobody, Charles. No man ever knew
How to draw them as well as you.
The types you created will last as long
As the dress of Right is stolen by Wrong;
So long as Vice and Meanness and Sin
Use Religion's garb to masquerade in.
So long will Chadband and 'umble Heep
Their truth to their hideous models keep;
So long will Stiggins and Pecksniff stand
Archetypes of the hypocrite band.
Your hypocrites, Charles, are beyond a doubt
The finest hypocrites ever turned out!"

The spirit of Dickens heaved a sigh,
Wiped the ghost of a tear from his eye,
"Well, then," he said, "just can't you see
What a chance supreme 't would have been for me" —
And he dropped his voice to a tone of awe —
"If I'd had John Wanamaker to draw!"

"'T would have been beyond you!" the spirits said;
"You ought to be thankful that you are dead!"



A PROPER PRECAUTION.

CHECKLEY. — Have you noticed what a complete cage that cashier stands in?

BANKS. — Oh, yes! The public must be protected, you know.

On a Broken Appointment.



She keeps a good-sized pack
Of terriers and collies;
She keeps you on the rack;
She keeps on with her follies,
She keeps a Theory
That you must send her roses;
She keeps a thorough de-
testation of Sorosis;
She keeps two village-carts,
She keeps on singing gaily,
She keeps a score of hearts,
And keeps them breaking daily;
She keeps her money in
A glove-box on the table;
She keeps a new pearl pin
A week if she is able;
She keeps a Gancy that
She'd like to know a pirate;
She keeps on her new hat,
If she thinks that you admire it;
She keeps her music up
By taking seats for Seidl;
She keeps a setter pup,
And a firm hand on the bridle,
She keeps an old blue gown,
Because she first danced in it;
She keeps Mama in town
Until the latest minute —
But, oh 'unhappy is my fate;
She cannot keep in mind a date!

HER ONE FAULT.



MRS. DULANY FAIRFAX. — I have called, your Eminence, to enquire about Lucy Snow, who recently left your service. Is she a good cook?

THE CARDINAL. — A most excellent one, Madam.

MRS. DULANY FAIRFAX. — And honest?

THE CARDINAL. — I have never known her to pilfer.

MRS. DULANY FAIRFAX. — Why, then, did your Eminence dismiss her?

THE CARDINAL. — Well — um! — She *would* wear my stockings when she went to a cake-walk.

WHERE IT HAD THE ADVANTAGE.

"That chimney is smoking all the time," said Dodkins.

"Yes," said his Grandmother; "but it isn't such a fool as to smoke cigarettes."

POTTER DID.

MISS MCFADD. — Palmistry is all the rage now. Do you understand it, Mrs. Potter?

MRS. POTTER. — No; but I think Jack does. Last night I heard him cry in his sleep: "Show your hands, boys!"

HAS ADVANTAGES.

"I tell you, Bill," said Smoky Mike, the burglar; "we hard-workin' thieves don't make half as much money out o' the business as them dude bank presidents and Pennsylvania officials."

"That 's so, Smoke," returned Bill. "An' that just shows the value of eddication, which I has frequently remarked."

MNEMONIC.

DYETT. — That waiter seems to have an excellent memory.

HUNGERFORD. — Yes. He seems to remember our orders exactly — and for such a long time.

SIXTEEN.

When he was young he thought he knew
About as much as any one;
But now he thinks he made a slip —
He is "not in it" with his son.



A COOL SUGGESTION.

CHECKLEY SPATTS. — Deah me! I weally don't know what to do this Summer to occupy my mind!

SALLY DE WITT. — Why don't you take a trip to the Antarctic Ocean? There's absolutely nothing going on there.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

"maverick, (mav'-ér-ik), *n.* [so-called from one Samuel *Maverick*, a Texan cattle-raiser, who, according to one account, relying upon the natural conformation of his cattle-range to prevent escape, neglected to brand his cattle, which, having on one occasion stampeded and scattered over the surrounding country, became confused with other unbranded cattle in that region, all such being presumed to be "Maverick's."] 1. On the great cattle-ranges of the United States, an animal found without its owner's brand, * * *, on which the finder puts his own or his employer's brand; or one of a number of such animals gathered in a general round-up or muster of the herds of different owners feeding together, which are distributed in a manner agreed upon." — *The Century Dictionary*.

Puck has been making his annual "round-up," and has found among the herd of stories in the big corral of his office safe some ten or twelve which seem to be born Mavericks, not belonging to any known herd and determined to "flock all by themselves." So here they are, with the brand of literary Mavericks on them; and while they may differ widely in breed and size and age, PUCK thinks you will find them a specially desirable lot of assorted cattle.

THE WIGHT THAT QUAILED.

By

GRUBHARD STRIPLING.

I.

HERE WAS a seashore, some guns, a girl gamin and a boy gamin.

These children were born without relations, were no relation to each other, and the woman who had them in charge led them a perfect dog's life — a sort of whipper-in. While beating them, she made them say so many prayers and psalms, that for diversion the boy took to lying, stealing and swearing. The girl took to sassing back.

To-day, both of them have run far away to the shore, and it is well she can not hear what the wild waifs are saying.

Nick had rifled from somewhere an old Winchester repeater. It was just the thing for firing off jokes on the British public. But the boy took no such aim. Being unfortunate himself, he sought to make others suffer by drawing their pictures. To-day, he only shoots off a few fingers. That makes Hasie cry. That pleases him. He laughs. To this Hasie objects so much, that Nick leaves off swearing long enough to kiss her. Then they go to walk with a volatile goat, named Ammonia. As they walk, the girl's long hair blows in Nick's eyes. It blinds the boy for a moment. It comes between him and all his *future aims*. Forever after that his sight is a little dimmed.

II.

Midway between Afric's soda fountains and the steppes of India Rubba, is a desert. Here the snail trains of the British Civil Service Relief Corps of the International Copyright Syndicate are always obliged to rest after a season of equatorial engagements.

Torkinow, the society reporter of *The Cape Town Tropics*, and the captain of this great caravan, is sitting upon a clump of cacti, making a pair of trousers out of two old ash-barrels.

An individual who had fallen in with him at a Sepoy dug-out, sat somewhat apart, drawing pictures on the sands of the desert.

"Say, Meissonier, come in out of the simoom, and bring the pictures with yer!" said Torkinow. But the artist did n't move.

"Show what you have on paper, and if I like 'em I'll make yer fortune," the reporter persisted, being much taken with Nick's manners. Oh, by the way, this was Nick!

When he had finally taken a look at some cartoons, Torkinow said:

"Send 'em to *The Tropics*."

"Go there yourself!" said Nick, trying to throw dust in his eyes.

"Well, you've got sand! Those gory battle daubs won't be worth a 'bob' when the War is over. Say, Verestchagin, going to open an art gallery in the Soudan?"

So the drawings were sent to illustrate Torkinow's fashion notes.

Just at dawn one night there was an unexpected attack by native

Hoodoos on the *B. and S. Infantry* — mostly beardless boys. There was a surge of black bodies, a rush of hot sand, a splashing of Nile mud, and assegais a-flying through the air.

Swish! came a simitar where Nick swayed, grappling two Oriental Musclemen, while Torkinow, for once having nothing to say, was engaged in poking out his adversary's eyes. Nick threw a back hand-spring as that simitar came down, and grabbed Torkinow away by the hair, while he poured pistol shots around them, running through hot gulf-streams of gore up to their eyes. When he had reached a place of safety, Torkinow said that Nick had saved his life. For a time the artist was very wrong in the head. He would cry, "See that Cartoon! They're after me, after me! Cartoon, Cartoon!" Then, "Is n't that Hasie?"

III.

Stopping, on his way home to London, in many populous towns, Nick had spent all his time and money in hunting out disreputable characters, drinking them into delirium tremens, and, then, painting their portraits. He had a high, pure love for his Art.

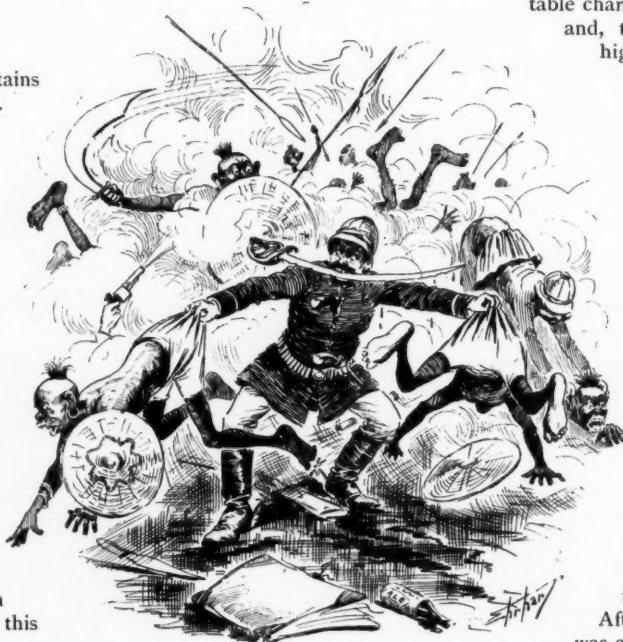
After reaching London, he starved in great shape for some days, and then, very leisurely, he called for his monthly allowance, and afterward invited himself to a lunch of beefsteak and onions, corned beef and cabbage, with Torkinow.

Here Nick received a call from one of the proprietors of the *Tropics*. This man had come to ask for more pictures. But Nick had just seen some of his cartoons in a cigar-shop where a crowd of corner loafers had congregated, and the artist felt that he and Fame could henceforth travel tête-à-tête, dispensing with the party who had introduced them. He was very properly incensed at the man's desire to retain the originals of all his drawings; but Nick's brow-beating method of inducing him to return them, proved that his own late hair-breadth escape had made very little impression on the young man's naturally hard and insolent character.

After abusing thoroughly this gentleman, who was already afflicted with age, stoutness, respectability and heart-disease, this youth with the fine artistic temperament went out of doors to muse upon the pride and vain-glory, the hatred and malice of humanity and all the sordid aims of this little life of ours.

IV.

As Nick stood on the embankment, planning how he would one day set the Thames on fire, a lady stood within a few feet of him and a gray cloak; and the moment Nick saw her, he knew she was Hasie. Hasie was now about twenty; but she was still wearing the same cloak she wore at ten.



When Hasie saw Nick she nodded to him just as if next week was the day before yesterday. She said she was glad he was not dead, because she needed him to wash her paint brushes.



So, she, too, was an artist!

Ought he not to have recognized "the temperament" at her first word?

Hasie said she lived with a red-haired girl who was a Suppressionist.

Hasie's housekeeping was a good deal like her pictures—sketchy. When Nick went to see her he found that she subsisted principally upon crackers and chewing-gum; and he dreamed about the time when he should have the right to nurture her tenderly upon beefsteak and onions, corned beef and cabbage.

At present, however, Hasie had only a palette for paint.

He must now struggle to answer her confiding appeals to his artistic taste, to explain to her why all her ideal heads invariably had a cast in one eye. The red-haired Suppressionist watched them silently, grinning and bearing it. She made faces and five o'clock tea that tasted of turpentine.

One day Nick came in and thrust his umbrella through Hasie's very latest. He said in a broken voice:

"Dear, you can't paint any more than a cat. Your pictures are chromos. Besides, who wants Ideals nowadays? Give up Ideals and try to live down to me. Let me daub for both. I've enough red paint to give gore for the millions who just dote on my horrors of war. The upper ten thousand prefer subjects with more polish about them—their own boots nicely varnished. But I would even black those for them now to get money. I am mercenary, dear, since I began to dream of Matrimony."

Up spoke the Suppressionist. "Paint a picture, each of you, called 'Matrimony,' making it tell the story of one who never told her love; but—"

"Ate crackers and chewing-gum," put in Nick. "I take the idea. Hasie, *catchy-vous-on*, as Krami says?"

V.

One day the two girls went over to France. The cross in her picture's eye had infected Hasie's temper. But Nick's picture had the crookedest



look. His model herself perceived it. It was so like her, and it happened that she was so like everything hateful in woman that for once she saw herself as others saw her, and loathed herself and the artist who had so strangely chosen her bad face to illustrate a noble theme.

Nick had meant this picture called "Matrimony" to embody all his best ideas of the True and the Beautiful. But, alas! his life had made him more familiar with many forms of Falsehood and Ugliness, and from these his nature had never shrunk.

One evening, when the thermometer stood at Fahrenheit, Hasie had her head out a window; when suddenly a huge white horse stopped at Hasie's door. The red-haired girl joined her friend at the window. The man on the horse called out courteously:

"Ah, there, Hasie! Nick is blind."

Torkinow had come for her; so this girl, who was selfish and cold, a soul tied to Ideals, never doubted for a moment that it was her duty now to marry Nick out of pity. She and the red-haired girl went to London and climbed up to Nick's studio. But before they greeted the artist, a soiled canvas claimed their attention.

"Why, it is half washed off!" cried Hasie; "and it is Nick's picture of 'Matrimony.' But no wonder his better angel made him destroy it, for it is terrible. It has some beauty; but it is bold and hard and defiant."

"If this is Nick's best, there can not be an atom of Sweetness and Light in his whole composition. He is blind, blind indeed! I can not marry a man unable to see beyond or above this fleshly thing."

"I quail before such a sacrifice."

"But you, my friend, can wed him. You could care for him enough to try to inspire him to better things. You pretend to be Hasie, and Nick being blind, will never know of the deception! I wish you joy of him. This wight has quailed."

Nick married the red-haired girl, and let her think she had fooled him. But he knew of the deception all the time, and made the Suppressionist a pretty hard husband.

There might have been a different ending to this story. But this is different enough. It is not a sentimental tale. It is only a natural one. This is an age of Realism.



Kate W. Rider.

WITH A PARENTHETICAL UNDERSTANDING.

MISS VERNON.—Mr. Crook is a fine horseman. Does n't he look as if he was born in the saddle?

JACK BELVIDERE.—Yes; particularly when you see him walking on the street.

A MARRIED BELLE AND BEAU.

MRS. GADSBY.—Their marriage was a secret, you know.

MRS. WHISPER.—And, judging by their present conduct, I presume they were not in it, eh?

ONE IDEA of charity begins at the White House, and ends at Indianapolis.

THE DETECTIVE who is going around at all hours reminds one of a hunting-case watch.

FARMER FOSSFATES'S INGENUITY.



I.



II.



III.



A LONELYVILLE VENDETTA.

FIRST SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—What's the trouble between Howson Lott and his next-door neighbor, Lowe Moore? They seem to be on bad terms, lately.

SECOND SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—Well, you see, Lott named his cottage "The Crow's Nest," and then Moore turned around and named *his* cottage "The Eagle's Nest," and now they don't speak.

A STRANGE QUESTION.

MRS. WICKES (*writing*).—Any message to Mother, Jack?

JACK WICKES.—Yes, dear; you might as well send her my regards.

MRS. WICKES (*sweetly*).—Shall I mention how you regard her, dear?

EASILY STATED.

MRS. STONE.—What is the difference between an investment and a speculation, dear?

KIRBY STONE.—If you lose, it's a speculation.

EVIDENCE CONCLUSIVE.

DUMMIT.—Miss Summit looked at me through her lorgnette yesterday.

HUMMIT.—What did she do that for?

DUMMIT (*sadly*).—I suppose she did n't want to see me.

INCURABLE ANGLOMANIA.

TAILOR (*politely*).—Yes, sir; and what kind of diagonal would you prefer me to use in making this Prince Albert?

MR. BRITTON-BRITTON.—Oh—ah; *wide Wales*, please; I understand the Prince is wather stout!



STRUCK BY A SHARPER.

MEAT AX.—Can I get a quarter from you this morning?

STEER.—Well, you've struck me pretty early; but I'll let you have one as soon as I'm dressed.

MIGHT CARVE IT WITH A CLUB.

"Carving a chicken," remarked the police captain, "is like raiding opium dens; the main thing is to locate the joints."

TO FIND OUT how deeply implanted is the idea of man's natural supremacy—get one of them to give you his opinion of the henpecked.

WHEN HALF the leading preachers of the day

Each theologic foot pronounce a yard,

There's some chance that the straight and narrow way

May yet become a modern boulevard.

AT THE BARGE OFFICE.

PHELIM (*just landed*).—For the sake of the ould Dart, mon, let me out! Here comes the felly what asks whither Oi've any manes of support!

O'TOOLE (*the gateman*).—How do yees expect for to dodge him? He's as keen as a rat!

PHELIM.—Niver mind, yez spalpeen; howld me grip till I get on the police!

THE WEALTHY DO-NOTHING.

With money plenty, and no care,
He spends a life that's heedless;
And in two senses we declare
He is a man who's needless.

A POETIC VERITY.

"What did the poet mean when he called this country 'the land of the Free and the home of the Brave?'"

"He was probably referring to bachelors and married men, said old Mr. Smithers, sadly."

HE'D BE RIGHT, TOO.

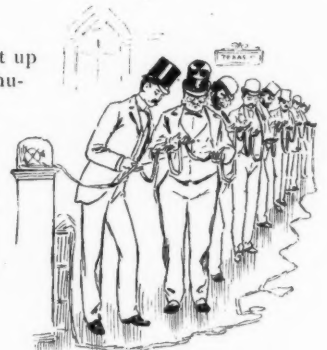
"What would you do, John, if I got up in the middle of the night, as some enthusiasts do, to play the violin?"

"I would get up and play the hose."

STRAWBERRY AND VANILLA.

TOM.—It always strikes me that your *fiancée* is a very cold girl.

JACK.—My dear fellow, if you paid for the ice-cream she eats, you'd think she had every reason to be cold.



"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON—" said the needle to the bachelor.

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Read Tape."

WOMEN LOOK into the back of a book first, because they always want to have the last word.

HOW MUCH more detestable a fault appears when we can trace it to some one whose station in life we envy!



KEEPING UP WITH THE PROCESSION.

O'FLANIGAN.—Faith 'n' what are yez doin' that fur, Murphy?

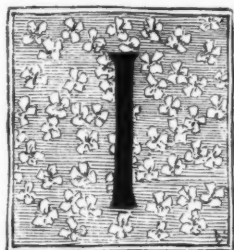
MURPHY.—Whist, will ye? So that the neighbors will t'ink that Biddy and the gur-r-rls hev gone to the say-shore for the sayson. It's fashionable, it is, old mon.

WITH SOME JUNE DANDELIONS.

THE poets who write on plants and flowers should learn something of botany and gardening. Here, for instance, is MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD, and a poet beyond the average he is, writing in *Harper's Young People*:

"When June has come, and all around
The dandelions dot the ground."

All in tranquil ignorance that in this latitude the dandelions appear in March sometimes, in April always; and are gone before May is over, so that if they dot the ground in June, the dots must be very few and far apart.—*N. Y. Sun*, June 6th, 1891.



SEND SOME dandelions gay

I plucked this morn,
The while the dew all pearly lay
On rose and thorn.
While all the robins were in tune
In the rose banks of June.

A many more along the lawn
On waving stems
Shone in the dewy kiss of dawn
Like Indian gems.
I found them blowing by the score
On June's bright sunny shore.

I never saw them sweeter look
Than on this day
In every shadow-haunted nook;
April or May
No finer specimens could show
Than these in June a-blow.

I see them now the mead invade
Like shining coins,
Just where some trembling apple-shade
Another joins,
Waving in delicate unrest
Upon June's fragrant breast.

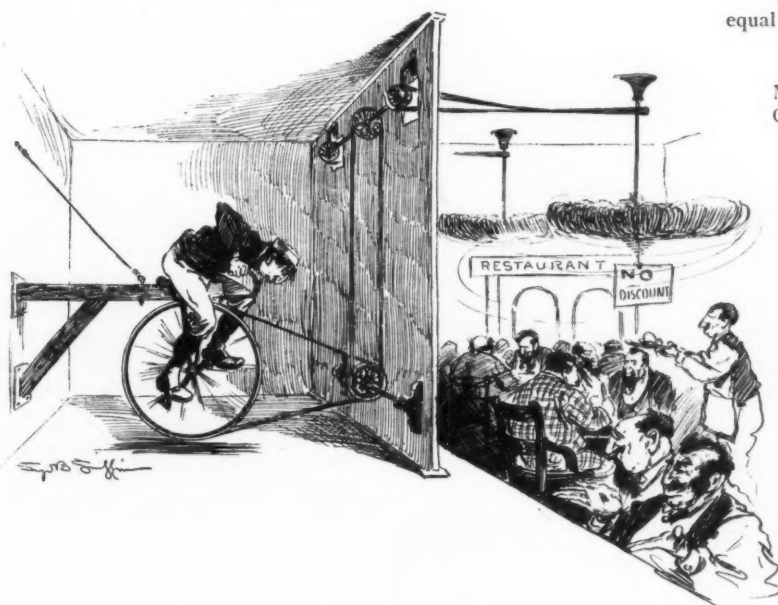
A fancy of the marriage moon
Unto them clings,
With their suggestive golden boon
Of wedding rings.
Warm breezes kiss these flowers rare
Entangled in June's hair.

Oh, let them on your table fade
Softly away,
When mellow Autumn paints the glade
In colors gay.
They may remind you sweetly of
Bright June, the month of Love.

SUMMIT, N. J., June 6th, 1891.

R. K. M.

SOME OLD SAWS are too slow for New York. It is the man who seeks the office who demands rapid transit.



AN AFTER-DINNER SPIN.

MR. GREENBAUM (to friend).—You see, mine son Iky vos gray for a bicycle, so I gifs him one ofe my own inventions, ain'd it? He gets plendy exercise, undt it gools der customers.



THE BOSTON GIRL'S TASK.

"You look tired, Athenia."

"I am. I've been trying to read Ibsen to my little brother, in words of one syllable, and it is very difficult."

SOME CONSOLATION.

JACK IVY-CLUB.—Well, Union Theological Seminary gave us a temporary set-back in that Briggs business.

TOM NASSAU.—Oh, that's no matter; we beat Yale at base-ball, did n't we?

A SERIOUS MATTER.

The trouble with Dr. Koch's lymph seems to be that the supply is not equal to the consumption.

SUPPLYING HER NEED.

MR. DRESDEN WARE.—I want to get a set of crockery.

CLERK.—Yes, sir. For the table?

MR. WARE.—No. For the new servant-girl.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"My health is getting shaky," said the popular old gentleman.

"That's because it has been drunk so much," returned his crony.

A MOLLIFIED ATMOSPHERE.

"Do you like the closed or open cars the best?"

"Oh, I think the closed ones are the nicest. The air in them is better."

"Better?"

"Yes; very much. I live at Hunter's Point."

AN INCOMPLETE SET.

MRS. REID.—Have you got Scribbleton's complete works?

BOOKSELLER.—No, Ma'am; he is n't dead yet.



THE BOARD OF HEALTH — Three Square Meals a Day.

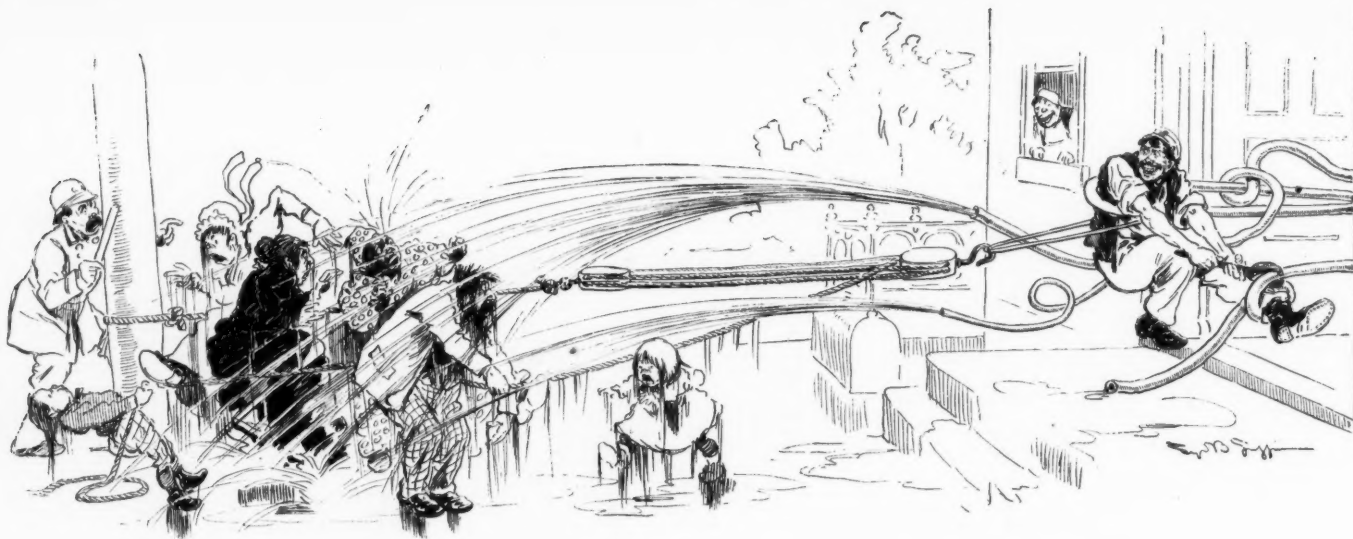
THE MODERN JUDGEMENT OF SOLOMON — Settling the Case between Loan and Collateral.



PREPARING FOR THE W
 GRAND CHORUS OF FOREIGN POWERS.—“Oh, yes, we all will be here!”
 UNCLE SAM.—That’s all right, friends, but had n’t you better



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Bldg. N.Y.



"IT'S PRETTY HARD TO GET A PLUMBER OUT OF THE HOUSE!"

ON LITTLE THINGS.

A MAN WILL plow his fingers through his hair, pull out half a dozen, select two to try his razor on, and scatter the others to the four winds of heaven—one to each wind. A few hairs are nothing to him. And yet the number of hairs that he pulls out in a year would sweeten a bald-headed man's life, if he could but have them.

But even the bald-headed man, if he had just one hair, would probably pluck it. Yet one solitary, lonely hair, found amid certain environments, will cause a man to shudder convulsively, and to look with dark suspicion upon similar environments forever after.

A little thing is a great thing when the point of view is changed.

Take a little boy who prattles and lisps all day, and asks Mama, as he curls himself up in his trundle bed at night, to leave the door open just a little bit, so he won't be lonely. Yes, he is a dear mite of a boy. But he would seem an incomprehensible, resistless Force to a shrimp. A tyrannical Force which might crush out his life in very sport, and then stick him on a bent pin and fish with him.

A silver dime is a very, very wee thing; yet even that, at times, seems sufficiently large. Let me drop into poetry over this:

"A dime is such a little thing! Who'd give an hour of time
Or even thirty minutes, to secure a silver dime?
But when you start on Sunday morn to church with placid face,
It's ten to one the silver dime is in a handy place."

I have seen a small boy mount a platform, direct his stony gaze



JUST IN HIS LINE.

"Say, 'Rastus, what's this I hear about your wantin'
t' be nominated for the Legislature. What yer goin' t'
do ef ye git thar?"
"Git 'pointed on one dem w'ite-washin' c'mittees."



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

INSURANCE AGENT (to his partner).—What a shame
animals can't insure their lives! Think what business we
could do among cats—each of 'em has *nine* lives!

upward, and deliberately address one of the heavenly bodies in the following manner: "Twinkle, twinkle, lill thtar."

Why, our whole earth placed beside the "little star" he was talking to, would be as the left eye of a Spring pullet to the Western hemisphere; and yet the boy had the face to accost this tremendous mass of matter and ask it to twinkle, twinkle.

Still, I don't know but the boy was honest enough about it, for he confessed in the next line that he did n't understand the nature of the object. From his point of view, the star was little, of course.

"Did you ever know a manly man whose face was always kind,
Who never let catastrophies destroy his peace of mind?
Who'd invest ten thousand dollars of his hard-earned cash,
And when he saw his darling scheme was bound to go to smash,
Would only say, 'It can't be helped,' and buckle down again
With perfect equanimity to make another ten?
Ah! that's a man, a noble man, who never growls at fate,
But he'll fret and fume and sputter,
And horrid words he'll utter
If, when the fish are biting good, he finds he's out of bait."

An inch: how infinitesimal. A flea can hop an inch on one foot; an inch added to the height of a telegraph pole or a dude's collar is simply of no consequence whatever; but add an inch to an advertisement in PUCK, and then see; add it to the distance between your spectacle lenses, and then see.

Morris Waite.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

IN FROM the farm and the cattle-range —
Something in politics new and strange —
Men with their faces bronzed



and set,
Common men, who are feel-
ing yet
That old fervor from which
arose
Cromwell's deeds and Mil-
ton's prose.
Sneer, if you will, but
have no doubt
There's a spirit back of
that mighty shout.
Ye can not quiet with spe-
cious pens
The sense of wrong in those
loud "Amens,"

And "Bless the Lord" — so the very air
Had less of politics than of prayer!
These are the farmers who marched one day
To the music of fife and drum away,
To face the Southern steel and gun —
The pride of Kansas in 'sixty-one!

Angry men with a sense of wrong;
Scarcely one in that motley throng,
Striking boldly, but blindly knew
What it would profit them to do.
Yet, in spite of their schemes of folly,
Something of deepest melancholy,
Something of sympathy, alarm,
For his hopeless life and his mortgaged farm,
Stirs within us thus to know
The party he served has left him so.
For all his service she gives him tears —
Kansas has trusted her twenty years!

"Bleeding Kansas," that turns and rends,
With a cry of agony, falsest friends!
Whatever desperate things are done,
Wicked or silly, never one
Can mar the Republic's life like those
Wrought by the Kansan's wily foes.
Not all the harm he can do outweighs
A breath of your Dudleys and your Quays!

J. D. Miller.



NOT IN IT.

JERSEY MOSQUITO.— This is what I
call hard luck. I have bored through this
in seventeen places, and there is n't a
man inside after all.

THE OTHER REASON.

"I hear Gus is going to get married."
"Yes."
"Is he in love?"
"No; in debt."

[IT IS RATHER sad to reflect that the future
King of England has proved himself more
of a knave.

"DO YOU KNOW what I admire about the Hill
party?"
"No; what do you admire?"
"There is only one in a Hill."

SWEET REVENGE.



PATRONIZING OLD GENTLEMAN (to
JOHNNY BOY, in curls and kilt).—Whose
little girl are you?



JOHNNY BOY (twenty years later, to
small boy in kilt and curls).—I know
you've never done anything to me,
but—whose little girl are you?

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take in his boyhood.—Texas Siftings.

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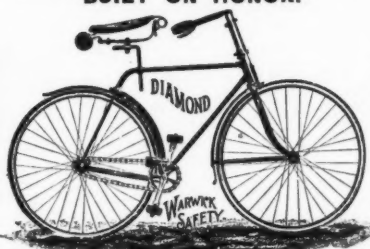
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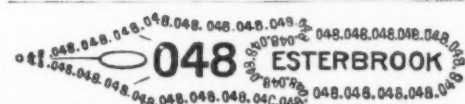
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lookin' so mad, Brer Simyun?

BRER SIMYUN.—Hit's a feller named Dodgy-
nees, which he's mad 'cause I would n't len' him
fi' cents. When de sheriff sole ole marster out,
'fo' de wah, dat niggah didn' fetch but seven hun-
derd dollars, an' dat's my opinion of um now.—
Harper's Bazar.

HE HAD TRIED THEM.

SALESMAN (*selling a fishing-rod*).—That one
is a little defective. Of course, we will give you
a straight tip.

BUYER.—Thanks. I don't want any "straight
tips." They're too expensive.—*Kate Field's*
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"How much from thee I've known;

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To look on thee alone."—*Detroit Free Press.*



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SMITH.—Hello, Jones, what's the good word
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JONES.—Ice! —*Kate Field's Washington.*

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TALKING of hardships, there are stone-boats.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE few warm days we have had so far this Summer are what are known, in sporting parlance, as "trial heats."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SIX GREAT TRAINS FOR THE WEST.
Leave Pennsylvania Railroad Stations, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets, every day for the West. The Greatest of these is the Pennsylvania Limited leaving at 10:00 A. M., arriving at Cincinnati, 6:40 A. M., and Chicago, 9:45 next morning. The newest is the Chicago Special leaving at 4:00 P. M., arriving at Chicago, 5:15 P. M. next day. This train has sleepers, dining car, smoker and passenger coaches, all vestibuled; and as the Limited is the finest train in the world, the Chicago Special is the most complete train ever run without extra rate of fare. The Fast Line at 9:00 A. M., the St. Louis & Cincinnati Express at 2:00 P. M., the Western Express at 6:30 P. M. and the Pacific Express at 8:00 P. M. are all thoroughly equipped in every respect.

CONSISTENCY.
BLIMBERS.—Gambling ought to be abolished, I think.
FENN.—What has brought you to that conclusion?
BLIMBERS.—Why, I lost fifty dollars on the verdict in the baccarat case.—*Boston Post.*

"HYPNOTIC TALES."

CHEAP DOCTORING.
ANXIOUS MAMA.—Little Dick is upstairs, crying with the toothache.
PRACTICAL PAPA.—Take him around to the dentist's.
ANXIOUS MAMA.—I have n't any money.
PRACTICAL PAPA.—You won't need any money. The toothache will stop before you get there.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

UNSATISFACTORY SHOPPING PLACE.
DAUGHTER.—Here is Bigg, Stock & Co.'s great store. Let's go in.
MOTHER.—No, no. No matter what we ask for, they will be sure to have it.—*New York Weekly.*

"HYPNOTIC TALES."

CARMENCITA, the graceful Spanish dancer, has laid up more than \$50,000 since she has been in this country, and still she kicks.—*Ex.*

TOILET LANOLINE SALVE
Best Home Remedy for CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS and LIPS.
BEST REMEDY against Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Chafing.
BEST REMEDY for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially with SMALL CHILDREN.
BEST REMEDY against Hemorrhoids (Piles.)
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MISS FUSSANFEATHER.—I like to see a girl stick to her colors.
YOUNG CRIMSONBEAK (*brushing the paint from his nose*).—So do I; and I like to see her colors stick to her!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"EVERYTHING is mild and sweet in the Spring," said Miggles.
"That's a fact," returned Boggles; "even landlords."—*Harper's Bazar.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure Relief for **ASTHMA.** Price, 25 cents by mail. STOWELL & CO., CHARLESTOWN MASS.



SAFES
HERRING & CO.
251 & 252 Broadway N.Y.

It would not be wise to suppose that the floating population lives entirely on water.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PITTSFIELD — LENOX — NORTH ADAMS.
Fast special trains via Harlem Division, New York Central, leave Grand Central Station daily except Sundays at 9:00 A. M., due Pittsfield, 1:35 P. M., North Adams, 2:30 P. M.; and at 3:50 P. M., due Pittsfield, 8:10 P. M., North Adams, 9:10 P. M. Both trains run through solid to Pittsfield. The afternoon train has also a through drawing-room car to North Adams.

RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.
BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
E. L. ZELL, Agent, 92 Pearl Street, New York.

ROKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

HENRY LINDENMEYR, PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 16 & 17 BEKKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

YEAST.—Are there any spots on that young Jack Pott's character?
CRIMSONBEAK.—Only a few poker dots; that's all.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

NORFOLK AND THE LITCHFIELD HILLS.
Fast special train via Harlem Division, New York Central, leaves Grand Central Station daily except Sundays at 3:50 P. M. Through car due Norfolk, Conn., 7:32 P. M.

A NEW drama is soon to be presented, called "Lost Time." The dear girls in the cast will have an opportunity to make up for it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"HYPNOTIC TALES."

A GREAT financier is a thief who succeeds. A thief is a great financier who fails.—*Exchange.*

